TARDY HONORS TO COL. DRAKE a gallon, the wholesale price being so cents

MEMORIAL OF THE MAN WHO DROVE THE FIRST OIL WELL.

It Cost 860,000, and the Donor's Name Is Inknown—The Site Not Far From the Historic Well—Strange Story of the

BOLIVAR, N. Y., Oct. 12.—There was dedicated the other day at Titusville, Pa., a memorial of Col. Edwin L. Drake, the man she drilled the first oil well and the founder \$2,000,000,000 to the wealth of the country Col Drake died in comparative obscurity almost twenty years ago and every year since that time the question of a suitable monument to his memory has been discussed but nothing was done.

Two years ago a New York man, a prominent officer of the Standard Oil Company. who knew Col. Drake intimately for many rears, decided to honor the pioneer oil man a fitting manner. The result is a massive morial that cost \$60,000. In a few weeks he body of Col. Drake will be removed from Bethlehem, Pa., to Woodlawn and interred near the memorial, which stands within two tailes of the historic Drake oil well.

Just who the donor is is a secret. Perhare it will be etched in the blank space of fer it on the monument after the donor as passed away. The site is a gift from Daniel Fletcher, owner of the cemetery and the man who lent Col. Drake sufficient money to complete his famous well. On the sunny slopes beyond the monument are the beautiful burial lots and costly vaults of many oil kings who amassed the riches that Col. Drake first discovered.

The memorial is of solid granite, elliptical in form, 46 feet long, 12 feet broad and to feet high. It is approached by a series of four circular steps and around the ellipse turs a granite seat. In the centre are great grange pillars supporting the arch which a bronze statue representing a driller Above the statue appears in plain letters the name "Drake." The statue is the work of a New York artist and cost \$5,000. the work of a New York artist and cost \$5,000. The figure is 7 feet high, and in the upraised hand is a hammer, while in the left hand is a drill. At the right of the ellipse is a full-length figure representing Grief, holding in her arms an urn. At the left is a full-length figure of Memory, holding in her hands a wreath.

New York artists spent months in Titusville working out these figures in granite.

ville working out these figures in granite, and to study them is worth a day's journey. Plaster models were brought from New York, and it is doubtful if there is in the State

granite of the Drake memorial.

The inscriptions on the walls of the ellipse are the work of a well-known literary man. The lettering was done by experts from New York. The inscriptions, six in

Col. E. I. Drake, born at Greenville, N. Y. March 29, MDCCCXIV; died at Tethlehem, Pa. Nov. 8, MDCCLXXX Founder of the Petroleum Industry, the Friend of Man.

Called by Circumstances to the Solution of a Great Mining Problem, He Triumphantly Vindicated American Skill and Near This Spot Laid the Foundation of an Industry That Has Enriched the State, Stimulated the Mechanivarts, Enlarged the Pharmacorea and Has Attained Warld Wide Proportions.

He Sought for Himself Not Wealth, nor Social Distinction Content to Let Others Follow Where He Led. At the Threshold of His Fame He Retired to End His Days in Quieter Pursuits.

His Highest Ambition Was the Successful Accomplishment of His Task, His Noble Victory the Conquest of This Rock, Beaueathing to Posterity the Fruits of His Labor and His Industry.

His Last Days Oppressed by Ulness, to Want No Stranger, He Died in Comparative Obscurity. This Monument Is Erected by in Grateful Recognition and Remembrance.

Col. Drake in 1857 was a conductor on the New York and New Haven Railroad. He had about \$200 invested in the stock of an oil company that had a lease of some land near perille on which there was an of nd he was deputed by larger stockholders by visit the property. Up to the time of trake's visit oil was gathered from the springs and pits by skimming and sold mainly for liniment at 25 and 50 cents a bottle. It was an Indian remedy and

known as Seneca oil.

A visit to the salt wells at Tarentum suggested to him the idea that more oil could be obtained by drilling a well and he carried out the prospect in the face of opposition and discouragement.

Col. Drake's right bower was Uncle Billy Smith, a salt well borer of Tarentum, and his three stalwart sons, J. P. Smith, W. B. Smith and Samuel Smith Uncle

W. B. Smith and Samuel Smith. Uncle Billy was a practical man and he made the drilling tools at his shop at Tarentum. The bill for the work was \$76.50. Smith and his sons arrived on the ground on May 20, 1859. He was to get \$2.50 a day for his services. One of his boys was to receive \$1.25 a day and the other two \$1 a day.

Although work was begun an the wall.

Although work was begun on the well on May 20, it was not until Aug. 12 that bed rock, 26 feet 4 inches from the surface, was reached. Col. Drake finally conceived was reached. Col. Drake finally conceived the idea of driving an iron pipe to bedrock, thus shutting off the water, clay and quicksand. The tools were pigmies compared with those in use in the oil regions to-day, and a strong man could walk off with them on his shoulder. The derrick was 40 feet high and boarded up all around. It stood just below the Brewer, Watson & Co. sawmill. On one side of it the creek part and on the other the mill race, so the

a Co. sawmill. On one side of it the creek ran and on the other the mill race, so the well was virtually on an island.

The drill began to pound the rock on Aug. 13. Slabs were used for fuel and progress was slow. Col. Drake had no idea as to the depth at which oil might be found. He was out of funds, discouraged, and had it not been for David Fletcher, a merchant of Titusville, and Peter Wilson, another friend he had made in Titusville, it is doubtful if he would not have given up in despair. Fletcher and Wilson tided him over by indersing his note for \$500. Togress was made at the rate of a trifle Progress was made at the rate of a trifle more than two feet a day. Many visitors came to see the work, but they treated the project largely as a joke. But Col. Drake had some faith in his heart and some borrowed money in his pockets, and the drill kept working its way through the rock. On Saturday afternoon, Aug. 27, 1856, the drill, at a depth of 60 feet, dropped six inches into a crevice. Down in the salt-well country crevices were common enough and nothing was thought of it. But when the tools were withdrawn from But when the tools were withdrawn from the well there was oil on the rope. Uncle Bully rigged up a piece of tin spouting and owered it into the well, and in this way swered it into the well, and in this way saled out several gallons of petroleum. In Monday a pitcher pump was put on and several barrels pumped out by hand. It was was sent to Pittsburg for copper ubing, such as was used in salt wells, and is a few days the well was rigged up for simpling with an engine and pumped night and day, producing more than twenty salvies a day for two or three years.

The news of the strike spread all over the country and thousands of visitors ravelled far to see the wonderful sight.

The farm for miles around was quickly careful to brake appeared to think

tel Drake appeared to think had hit the fountain head and made to get more land. Then he threw valuable than the one invented

precise for the product of his well. He seeme of the cil to Pittisburg and had vinced. The first lot of ten gallons revisived at Titusville Nov. 15, 1859, revisived at Titusville Nov. 15, 1859, revisived at \$1.75 a gallon. With it is a shipment of lamps to burn it in as known as cartson oil and was red in William MacKeown. A second world arrived in Titusville Dec. 7, and of forty gallons retailed at \$1.30

a gallon.

The strangest thing about the Drake well is that it was the shallowest oil well ever drilled in Pennsylvania. Other wells drilled about it vary from 200 to 600 feet. If a thousand wells had been drilled to its depth along Oil Creek every one of them would have been as dry as a powder horn. The proper leave the Daniel Electron.

ever drilled in Pennsylvania. Other wells drilled about it vary from 200 to 600 feet. If a thousand wells had been drilled to its depth along Oil Creek every one of them would have been as dry as a powder horn. The explanation is made by Daniel Fletcher. Col. Drake's closest friend, that in drilling the Drake well, the drill fortunately tapped a crevice that led down to the oil rock, and that it was through this crevice that the oil spring was fed from the rock.

There is no question in my mind, says Mr. Fletcher, "but what Col. Drake was guided by Providence in making the location of his well, for the striking of oil in quantity at that depth is nothing more or less than a miracle. Col. Drake was the instrument selected to light the world."

Col. Drake never made much money out of the petroleum industry. Other and larger wells came in and the price of oil dropped from 200 a barrel to 10 cents. In 1800 he was elected Justice of the Peace in Titusville, an office that paid about \$3,000 a year then. He bought oil on commission and dealt in real estate. With some \$15,000 he left Titusville in 1863 and, went to New York, where he lost his money in speculation. Then his health gave way and he lived in obscurity, poor and friend less. Titusville people learned of his misfortunes and quickly subscribed several thousand dollars. In 1873 the Legislature of Pennsylvania voted him an annuity of \$1,500. The family settled at Bethlehem. Pa., in 1870, and there, in November, 1881, Col. Drake passed away, and there his body lies buried. Some there are who aliege that he was not treated fairly by the other members of his first oil campany, and it is a strange trick of fate that none of the stockholders in this historic well ever profited by the oil it produced.

Two of the men who worked on the Drake well, J. P. Smith and his brother Samuel Smith, live in Titusville. Both are old men now, but well remember nearly every detail about the well. Their father, Unole Billy Smith, long ago passed to his reward. J. P. Smith says that

that I would lose every cent of it and that it served me right to be taken in by an adventurer from the East.

"Col. Drake was not a money maker and not a financier. Money slipped from his grasp very easily. Then he was optimistic and made the mistake of supposing that he had a corner on the oil business when his well began to produce. When it was too late he realized that he had made a mistake and literally thrown away a colossal forand literally thrown away a colossal for-

All that is left to mark the site of the historic Drake well to-day is a piece of drive pipe sticking up through a plank flooring that covers the original pit. The original derrick burned down a few weeks after the well was completed, and the second rig was destroyed by fire at the Centennial Exposition of 1876, where it was on exhibition. Years ago the well was abandoned. It stands to-day in a pasture field a few hundred feet from the highway that winds down Oil Creek surrounded by willows. hundred feet from the highway that whole down Oil Creek, surrounded by willows, alders, thistles and milk weed, with not even a path to the road to help the inquisitive searcher to find it. The stillness of death broods over the valley that once was classed

Washington Again From South Carolina. COLUMBIA, S. C., Oct. 12.-The proposition to send Wade Hampton back to the flicting currents of opinion and many politicians find themselves in the most awkward predicament of their lives. In 1890, after serving twelve years in the Senate, and being fairly worshipped by the men, women and children of South Carolina, Hampton was rudely stricken from the list of the State's sons worthy

In a frenzy of political excitement perhaps never witnessed in this country be-fore this Lieutenant-General of the Confederacy, the man who had, in 1876, led South Colinians to victory, the hero in war, the no less hero of peace, the man whose illness when Governor had caused a hush to fall over the State while the people prayed in churches and by their hearth stones this man was displaced in order that the manager of Tillman's successful campaign might be rewarded.

But those who have been near Gen. Hampton have known that the old chieftain was sorely wounded by this evidence of his people's ingratitude. Never a word would be say to indicate his feelings to the public, but he has believed the people were mislead and that in time they would realize the wrong done him. And that time has been coming for years; with the subsiding of factional bitterness has come a return of the old reverence for Hampton. The General's home was destroyed by fire, and by united action all over the State and without publicity a fund was subscribed with which a handsome home was built for him within the limits of Colum-

hin—"as an evidence of South Carolina's love for her most distinguished son."

This was the soil therefore into which State Chairman Jones a few days ago threw the seed for a Hampton Senatorial harvest next year. He was a candidate for the office, or the cardidate for the office, the control of the cardidate for the office, the control of the cardidate for the office, and select the other cardinates. but withdrew and asked the other candi-dates to do likewise in order that the people of the State might without a contest be-stow the office on Hampton Among the of the State might without a contest be-stow the office on Hampton. Among the six candidates there were three shades of politics. State Chairman Jones and Congressman Lattimer belong to the Till-man faction. Former Congressman Hamp-hill and Johnstone and State Senator Hen-derson to the old Conservative side, and Senator McLaurin, formerly of the Till-man side, now representing views opposed by leaders of both the old factions and against whom the others have combined. against whom the others have combined. Col. Jones has stepped out and it is taken

Col. Jones has stepped out and it is taken for granted the three Conservatives will gladly make way for Hampton.

That leaves Lattimer and McLaurin. The former is supposed to be Senator Tillman's choice for the office, but in view of the popular belief that Tillman is the father of this new scheme, it is believed that he has already been assured that Lattimer will step out of the way. There is doubt as to what course McLaurin will take, or whether he will in the near future commit himself. His opponents argue that he will be giad of this opportunity gracefully to himself. His opponents argue that he will be glad of this opportunity gracefully to retire from the political field without risk-ing a contest in which the odds are against him. Others maintain that he will remain a candidate and if Hampton is run against him and defeats him there will be no dis-grace. McLaurin's friends hold he is grace. McLaurin's friends hold be is bound to fight for his principles, although assured that whatever the position of the people on the questions involved, senti-ment will elect Hampton by an overwhelm-

ing majority.

If elected next year Gen. Hampton will take his sent in the Senate just a few weeks before his eighty-fifth birthday.

BOYS ONCE BAD MADE OVER.

A CODE OF HONOR ESTABLISHED AT THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.

System Under Which Ex-Warden Sage of Sing Sing is Working Successfully on Randall's Island -- Minor Troubles of the Boys -- Their Work and Play.

Every Saturday afternoon there is & lively scene at the foot of East 120th street. First a small stream of people come trickling down the street, stops at the edge of the pier and slowly collects there. Then a tug slips alongside, a gangway is put up and the little pool of people is drained off into the tug, which slips away again. No sooner is the tug gone than another pool collects. It is drained off in its turn and so the process goes on all

the afternoon.

As soon as the tug has taken on her passengers she heads across the river to Randall's Island, where the House of Refuge iooms up rather grimly. It is possible that there may even be New Yorkers who don't know that the House of Refuge is an institution to which boys and girls classified as disorderly are sent with a view to overcoming their evident tendency to wrongdoing and starting them on the road to be honest men and good women. This is its seventy-seventh year. In round numbers there are about 700 boys and 100 girls in the institution now.

Saturday afternoon is visiting day at the island, so a SUN reporter went over to see how the 700 boys seemed to be getting along in their two-year term of getting along in their two-year term of durance vite. Before he came back he dropped any notion of vite in connection with the durance. The world does move and New York should be proud that its House of Refuge is up with the procession. It is not a municipal institution. It is under the control of a society composed of thirty members, who are appointed by the Governor. These members elect the super-Governor. These members elect the super-intendent. Two years ago they showed their good judgment by choosing for this office O. V. Sage, ex-Warden of Sing Sing

just in time to hear a characteristic bit of conversation. Two women and two little children were confronting him and pleading with tears in their eyes for the release of a boy. The younger woman was the boy's mother, the older the grandmother. They comed well-teads

mother, the older the grandmother. They seemed well-to-do.

"No," Mr. Sage was saying, "the boys are sent here for two years and they must earn their way out by their good behavior. Your boy has been here only four months and you ask me to disregard the rules and the purpose for which he is here and let him go. According to your own account he is a bad boy, unruly and the cause of great unhappiness to you."

unhappiness to you."

But, put in one woman, we can't be responsible for our children doing wrong."
Even allowing you to deny responsibility for the boy I cannot. I am responsible for him, and I must do my best to discharge my responsibility. If I let him go now he will go right back to his old habits and his old associates. For his own sake I must keep him."

must keep him.

"But it isn't for his sake I want you to let him go," said the woman; "it's for my "Madame," said Mr. Sage, "you want me to turn that boy out again into a course of life which will land him in Sing Sing. I shall not do it, and I refuse for his sake

I shall not do it, and I refuse for his sake and for yours, too."

He sighed when he had shown the women out of the room.

"She made it hard for me," he said.

"Parents often want me to let their children out even when they themselves sent the children here. But as a general thing they listen to reason. One doesn't often find them weak enough and foolish enough to persist in the request no matter what the consequences to the boy may be."

"Are the boys eager to get out?"

"Why, of course, they want their liberty. Everyloody chafes more or less at restraint and these boys are more impatient of it than most people are. That is what brings most of them here. They have not learned to govern themselves or to be governed by others. They have to learn both lessons here."

"But do they learn to govern themselves?"

"To a certain extent at least. Other-

wise they don't leave here except to go to Elmira Reformatory. You see they have to earn their way out, as I told that mother just now. Here is the system: "Boys are sent here for two years, but "Boys are sent here for two years, but they can go when they have received a total of seventy-eight credits and are in the honor class. Under the old system one credit was given for every week during which the boy was not reported for misconduct. Under that rule a boy could get out in eighteen months. We have introduced a sort of commutation system to encourage them still further. For every four consecutive weeks without a report we give them an extra credit. In that way it is possible for a boy to earn his discharge in fifteen months.

"To be in the honor class he must have gone straight, as they call it, for eight consecutive weeks. To go straight means to go without being reported. Even if a boy has his seventy-eight marks he cannot leave unless he is also in the honor class. It is against the rules for the boys to have matches or tobacco in their possession.

It is against the rules for the boys to have matches or tobacco in their possession. If they break that rule it costs them thirty demerits, which means an added six weeks to their term. They can work that off, however, by going straight for six months during their regular term.

Just about this time somebody came into announce that the ball game had begun. The superintendent was as alert as a boy.

You see, our team is playing the Protectory boys this afternoon, he said.

We'll just get Mrs. Sage and go out to the yard and watch the game.

We'll just get Mrs. Sage and go out to the yard and watch the game.

Not only Mrs. Sage, but her daughter also, came and the result was as pretty an exhibition of courtesy as anybody could wish to see. Apparently, manners as well as morals, are taught over on the island. As soon as Mrs. Sage and her daughter appeared the whole crowd of boys jumped up and saluted by touching their caps. up and saluted by touching their caps As there is military training in the insti

tution the salute was not so remarkable.
but the smiles and pleasant nods with which
it was accompanied as they passed were
what rules cannot command nor any amount
of discipline procure.

One of the experiments made by the what use cannot command nor any amount of discipline procure.

One of the experiments made by the present superintendent is a gradual training of the boys to use their sense of honor. He believes in the boys. He says so to the outsider, and the atmosphere of the place shows that the boys realize this belief. Two facts, put side by side, show what a change has come over the spirit of the institution. The change has not taken place entirely since Mr. Sage went there, it had been going on before that, but it is still going on, perhaps faster than ever the fact of the same to be a self-boys to the outsider, and the sense of honor. The two facts are these: A number of two facts are these: A number of two facts are these. A number of two facts are these to a number of two facts are these to a number of two facts are these to have been self-boyse, on their word of honor that they will return before night. Since this new experiment was begun several months as go thirty boys have rescaled the privilege in only if fail occupied to go out for a day to visit their homes, on their word of honor that they will return before night. Since this new experiment was begun several months as go thirty boys have rescaled the privilege in only if fail occupied to find than those two boys are with their to find than those two boys are with the chart of their lives. If the boys at the island could to choose the punishment for these two faithless ones it would be a monument to the thing failure of honor which is family a few weeks ago, his only restraint being the word of honor which is had done tried so hard to get away. That speaks pretty well for at least one boy.

Another privilege under the new regimes in that of writing to the superintendent. Any boy, at any time, may write to Mr. Another privilege to the privilege tof the superintendent to the privilege to the privilege to the pri

but the boys have also been asked by Mrs. Sage to appeal to her with the same freedom. The boys respond with enthusiasm to these invitations. Mr. Sage gets from ten to twenty-five letters a day from them and his wife gets almost as many. Some of the letters to Mrs. Sage are mere requests to have her ask Mr. Sage to call them upthat is, call them to his office where they can explain their grievance or make their plea in person.

"But what are their grievances?" the reporter asked.

"But what are their grievances?" the reporter asked.

"Generally their re-ports, as they call them," said Mrs. Sage. "One of the boys who came to tell me his troubles was low in his mind because he couldn't seem to get along without re-ports. I asked him what he was reported for and he said it was almost always for talking, when it is forbidden. I tried to explain to him that it was a case where nobody could help him but himself. He must learn self-control and then he would be all right.

"How long had your oldest inhabitant been here?"

been here?"

"Three years. He went out just a day or two ago. We have some others who were here before we came, two years ago, but he wasthe dean of them all."

Just at that point a bright, good-looking here begins an overcoat out and helped boy brought an overcoat out and helped Mr. Sage into it. He did not wear a uni-form and was without a hat. "Charlie," said Mrs. Sage, "do put on your

You'll take cold " only came out to bring Mr. Sage his "said the boy, and bowed as he turned

back to the house.
"That boy isn't an inmate, is be?" ventured the reporter.

"Oh, yes, but he doesn't wear a uniform because he is always in the office. He's a nice boy, but had some difficulty with his Reality. stepfather, who had him sent here. Really since I've come here I've almost been tempted to believe that stepmothers and stepfathers are at the bottom of most of the trouble of the world," and Mrs. Sage laughed. "At any rate, they are behind a good many of the boys here. One boy was sent here by his stepfather, and when I asked him how it happened he said. "Well, the truth was, I gave him a black

"Well, the truth was, I gave him a black eye, but it was just a little family matter," he added, deprecatingly "

The boys lead a busy life. They do the housework, or the greater part of it. Two women cooks are in the kitchen, but all their helpers are boys, and a neater spot one never saw; never, unless it might be the bakeshop next door, where a bright, elect boy shows the hundreds of loaves he alert boy shows the hundreds of loaves he has been baking. The floors are scrupulously scrubbed. This is not one of the favorite occupations, and there is a good deal of complaint of housemaid's knee, though the boys don't call it by that name. The boys attend school in divisions, a different set of hours for each division. The teachers are women, and they get on The teachers are women, and they get on beautifully with their pupils. There are about two hours of recreation during the day, four hours of school and the rest is spent at work. There are classes in floriculture carpentry, tailoring, printing, shoemaking, house painting and drawing. The superintendent is working hard to get manual training classes established, and there is certainly need for them when a hundred boys have to be idle for lack of work to give them.

work to give them.

They don't like to be idle, and they are put to use wherever it is possible. They help in all the repairs, they bake, cook, wash clothes, wash dishes, make beds, scrub, paint, make their own suits and shoes, do office work, even form the crew of the tug Refuge, which makes constant trips be-

Refuge, which makes constant trips between the island and the city
"I have three of the boys on my boat," said Capt. Grace of the Refuge, "and I wouldn't ask for better help."

There is a month's vacation during summer, when lessons and classes in trades are closed. When Mr. Sage was asked if the boys were more troublesome during this period of idleness he said:
"They always have been, but this year

the number of summer punishments imposed was only one-third what it has been of late years. That shows a pretty good spirit among the boys. They ought to have spirit among the boys. They ought to have a gymnasium, and we hope before long to get a hall that com be used for that purpose and for a drill hall. We need it in winter. As it is now, the only game they have is baseball. I'm going to have basketball for

them soon."

All this time the baseball game had been proceeding sadly for the Refuge boys. They played well, but the Protectory boys played better. The players and the rooters at League games might study with advantage baseball as it is played on Randall's Island. The unpire wasn't ballyragged once in the entire afternoon. Only once Island. The umpire wasn't ballyragged once in the entire afternoon. Only once was a decision questioned. A Protectory player advanced into the field to assert that a man was safe. Thereupon a loud chorus advised him to "go 'way back and sit down," which he promptly did with a good-natured laugh.

Chuck Bread.

Chuck Bread.

Scorf A boy who eats lots of food.

Chuck Scorf A boy who eats lots of hread.

Snitch A boy that tells on another boy.

Up—A captain or lieutenant.

Kid A small captain.

Hard guy—A tough boy.

Cities—Shoes made in the city.

Suff—Tobacco. liard gay A tough boy
Cities Shoes made in the city
Stuff Tobacco
Striker Match
Whiffing Smoking
Spud Potato, also a large boy
Roost The punishment or fourth hall.
Got a goat Angry
Fierce goat Very angry
Girk A dried chew of tobacco.
Rakes One's best friend
Beat it When a boy tries to escape he is
said to be trying to beat it. When he has
escaped he is said to have "bet it"

ALLIGATORS LIKE NEGROES. Will Eat Them, Says an Authority, in

Preference to a White Man. From the New Orleans Times Democrat. An interesting story of the saurian family is told by one of Algiers's oldest citizens,

gan to get mad.

"I'll give odds of 17 to 4," said be, "that I wasn't the stake them bears was trottin' for, at all. It was that apple crop." Gimme my gun' said be to his wife. "I'll jog along back to that orchard, and unless I miss."

WOULDN'T KILL TIPSY BEARS.

VENGEANCE OF THE MAN WHOSE APPLE CROP THEY ATE.

He Lived in Back of Lackawack, and Knew How They Would Feel When the Effect of the Applejack Disappeared So He Let Them Get Sober as a Punishment

CHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 5 .- Col. George Association of Orange county, ex-Postmaster of Port Jervis, and proprietor of a good-sized corner of Pike county, Pa., was in Goshen a few days this week, getting things ready for the annual horse show and Tuxedo display. Since he got to be owner of that Pike county balliwick Col. Flaton can talk bear just as well as he can talk horse. No one in Goshen has talked bear since the man from Rundell's Curve came back and began to use Wood Pitts as a ceiling duster and a floor mop.

The reason the man from Rundell's Curve came back was this. He was in Goshen one day, and he was waiting for a train o take him home, and the train was an hour late. Rundell's Curve is on the far slope of the Shawangunk Mountain, and the native of that domain of rock and wildwood was longeome. They never like to see they see a stranger in town and find out that he isn't a man who is thinking of being a candidate for something, and is consequently there to see Boss Bob Hock and learn whether there will be any use of his keeping on thinking so, they begin to think up how they can entertain him. If the stranger in town is thinking of being a candidate, Boss Hock will attend to the entertaining himself, and no one else need worry. So the day the man from Rundell's Curve stood waiting for his train, it wasn't long before a Goshen Good Samaritan discovered that he was lonesome and wasn't a candidate for anything, and he approached the man from Rundell's Curve and said: "While you are waiting, why don't you

go over and see Wood Pitts's lear?" of a pair of hears that Abe Van filper used to say he caught in the ice cave in the depths of Sam's Point, in Ulster county. The key to its pen was the same key which Abe locked its parents up with, years ago, and Goshen citizens had daily borrowed it and forgotten to fetch it back with such annoying regularity that when strangers—who were not candidates—came to Goshen any time for ten years or more, and were curious to see the alleged shaggy beast the key imprisoned, they had to run all

over town to find out in whose possession the key was.

The man from Rundel's Curve said he would like to see the bear, and the Goshen good Samaritan told him to go right over to the hotel across the street and ask Wood Pitts for the key to the pen. The man went Wood Pitts looked behind the bar to get the key. He didn't find it.

"There!" said he. "Jack Moore has got that key again! Seems as if nobody can fetch that key back!"

The man from Rundel's Curve looked dis-

The man from Rundel's Curve looked dis-"But if you've a mind to," said Wood Pitts, vou can go and ask Jack for it. He'll give it to you Jack Moore, the Postmaster. Just up the street a few

doors."

The man from Rundel's Curve went briskly to the Post Office and told Jack Moore what he wanted.

"Thunder and Mars." said Jack. "Didn't Billy Taggart bring that key back? Billy Taggart's got that key. Up to the County Clerk's office. Far end of the park. Near the racetrack. Opposite the Court House. You can't miss it. Billy's got the key."

So the man from Rundel's Curve hurried way up to the County Clerk's office, half a mile, to get the key to the bear pen.

way up to the County Clerk's office, half a mile, to get the key to the bear pen.

"Why " said Count Clerk Taggart, "Dick Tuthill got that key from me. Supervisor Dick Tuthill, from tother side of the county. Can't be that Dick has gone and lugged that key all the way home with him, can it? That's just what he's done, I'll bet a farm!" farm!"
The man from Rundel's Curve seemed
The man from Rundel's Curve seemed

The man from Rundel's Curve seemed disappointed all through when he came back and told Wood Pitts about the misadventure of the key to the bear pen "Never mind," said Pitts. "I'll go out and pry off the hasp and give you a look at the bear any way."

The bear's gone!" he shouted. "Dick Tuthill or Jack Moore or somebody left the pen door unlocked, and the bear has got out and skipped!"

Then the man from Rundel's Curve looked a little queer out of his eves, and it seemed as if he was going to talk out loud, but just then the good Samaritan came in.

"Your train is here, neighbor," said he, and about ready to go. Did you see the bear?"

"He was on the point of shooting the large of the gould be got there it never gets the flag. And that is just what it had done with these out to get there it never gets the flag. And that is just what it had done with these two bears. It had got there, and the bear were drunk. When the full force of the situation struck the man that owned the orchard, he sat down on the fence and held darn apple crop gone to make a prize-winnin jag for two Back o' Lackawack bears. Consarn it" said he, looking wistfully at the hilarious bears, if I only had jest half o' either one o' your loads I wouldn't even ask for second money."

"Then he grabbed his gun.

"But I kin lug your drunken carcasses home,' said he, 'and sait 'em down, consarn you'"

Gray Hair a Crime?

Thousands of men and women are turned out of positions and many fail to secure situations because their gray hairs make them look old. This

Hay's Hair-Health makes age halt and keeps thousands in employment because it takes years from their apparent age. HAIR-HEALTH will positively restore gray, faded or bleached hair to its youthful color. It is not a dye. Its use cannot be detected. Equally good for men and women.

Its use cannot be detected. Equally good for men and women.

Gentlemen:—At forty my hair and mustache began turning gray. A friend on my road lost his piece because his gray hair made him look older than he was. Profiting by his experience, I began using May's Hair-Heelth, with the result that I have the same dark-brown curly hair that I had at a Have held my position, although many younger men, whose only fault was their gray hair, have been dismissed. I thank you for my position.

LARGE SOC. BOTTLES.

AT LEADING DRUGGISTS.

FPOO SOAP Offer Good for 250. oake HARFINA SOAP.

Cut out and sign this coupon in five days, take it to any of the following druggists and they will give you a targe bottle of May's Hair-Heelth and a 2gc. cake of Hartina Hedicated Soap, the best soap for Hair Scaip Complexions, Bath and Toilet, both for Fifty cents; regular price, 75c. Redeemed by teeding druggists everywhere at their shops only, or by the Philo Hay Specialties Co., 270, Lalayette St., Newark, N., either with or without soap, by express, prepaid, in plans scaled package on receipt of foc. and this coupon.

Gilarantee

Following Druggists supply Hay's Hair-Health and Harlina Soap in their shops only :

NEW YORK CITY J. N. HEGEMAN & CO., 21 Park Row,
703 & 1219 Broadway.
KINSMAN, JR. & CO., 125th st. & 8th ave.
HEGEMAN & CO., 125 Broadway.
MILHAU'S SONS. 183 Broadway.
GREGORIUS, 161 ave. & 15th, 8th ave. & 31st.
O'NEILL, 888 Columbus ave.
WICHELNS, 102 Greenwich st.
KALISH, J. & 13 Grand st.
EATON, 94th st. & Columbus ave.
GUENCER'S, 9th ave. cor. 87th st.
REID, YEOMANS & CUBIT, 140 Nassan st.
HANSON DRUG CO., 244 6th ave.
BARNES, Chambers, cor. W. Broadway: Madson, cor. 110th.
VETTER, 1756 Madison ave. RAWLINS, 8th ave.
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KINSH, 203 tlowery, 112 E, 125th.
MINER, 2

BIGELOW, 102 6th ave.

VETTER, 1766 Madison ave.: RAWLINS, 8th ave & 138th. RICHTER & CO., 3d ave & 60th. ARNEMANN, 370 and 637 8th ave.: COOPER'S PHAR., Hudson & Spring. PARKIN & CO., 141 Columbus ave.;
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34th. TYLER. 2d ave. & 37th. TOWER. Medison ave. & 126th. & 60th. E. 8. St. ER. 2d ave. &
54th. st. E. St. E.

BROOKLYN:

HALL. 520 Fifth ave., 408 Seventh ave
BOLTON DRUG CO., 254-276, 456 Fulton,
227 Columbia, 273 Flatbush ave.
WERNER, 2592 Atlantic; Fulton, near
Elion: Montank, cor. E. Parkway.
THOMPSON, 1534 Myrtle ave.
WELLS, 836 Fifth ave.
WENEL, 346 Broadway: 321 Division ave.
OWENS, R. J., 697 Myrtle ave.
WENEL, 346 Broadway: 321 Division ave.
WENEL, 346 Broadway: 321 Division ave.
SOBORN, 516 Ave. & 46th st., 3d ave. & 56th st.,
3d ave. & 46th st., 3d ave. & 56th st.,
1526 Bath ave., Bath Beach.
ZELHOEFER, 1044 Broadway.

Madison: 918 Gates ave.

KERRI-JAN, 25 Putnam ave.: BOSSARDET, 589 Metropolitan ave.: SPETH, Kosclusko & Broadway.

Hamburg ave. & Jefferson: THAYER, 35 Atlantic ave. Mill., 630 Classon ave. St. Mark's & Bedford ave.:

VOSSELER, Grand & Bedford ave.: VOSSELER BEOS., Driggs ave. & N. 6th.: MAAS, 2985 Atlantic ave.,

Schenek & Glenmore ave.: DISOSWAY, Lafayette ave. & Stuyresant ave.: GOELZ, Putnam & Nostiand;

MUELLER, De Kalb & Nostrand; KEMPF, 579 B'way: 1 H., 1938 Manhattan ave.: CAMPRELL, 276

Manhattan ave.: WORTH, 549 Manhattan ave.: DILBERGER, 3d ave. & 9th st.

my guess them bears'il come in behind the money after all"

"The man covered that quarter in a good deal less than a jog, and, sure enough, the bears were in the orchard yet. And if any one had taken the odds the man offered the man would've won. The apple crop was the stake the bears were after, and they had divided the stake, as the man could plainly see by the way they stuck out about the ribs.

"But what's the matter with them bears? said the man.

"First one bear and then the other would rise up and try to do an Indian dance or something, as if it was feeling the gayest kind, and then go tumbling and rolling and dicking up its heels. Then they'd get up and spar away at each other, and yoop like an old time Lackawack raftman when he'd catch the other fellow's jack in a game of old sledge. FOUR BLACK CATS my guess them bears'll come in behind They Brought Boundless Pleasure of Anticipation, but That Was All.

From the Washington Evening Star "We are more or less superstitious when it comes to black cats," said a well-known young man about town, "and I was one of the firmest believers in the black cat and good luck superstition in Washington until a few

'I had gotten tired of doing the same

"I had gotten tired of doing the same thing in my department over and over every day in the year, and, being a member of one of the learned professions, I decided to attempt to secure a transfer to another department, where my training could be put to advantage to myself and incidentally to the Government.

"I am from a State where the senior senator is a power in State and national politics; a man aimost unapproachable by reason of his prominence, but who is personally one of the stanchest of friends to his friends, and whose recommendation usually carries, as it is seldom given. I happen to be one of his friends.

"Next to myself, the person most interested in my ambition was my sweetheart. One night about a month ago, on our return from the thearte, on her doorstep sat a ict-black cat with a white star on its breast. The cat followed us into the house in the most friendly manner, refused to go out until it was time for my departure, and then followed me to the sidewalk. My best girl, in a rhapsody of delight, declared that it was ordained by the stars that I was to get my appointment. he'd catch the other fellow's jack in a game of old sledge.

"Well, what was the matter with the bears? They were drunk If they had been to a Jersey quarter race they couldn't have brought away a more elegant jag than they were enjoying that minute in that Back of Lackawack orchard The apple juice they had absorbed had got a galt on it the minute it struck the hot interiors of these bears, and hadn't lost any time in 'urning itself into something like half a gallon of new applejack per bear.

"New applejack is rangey. When it starts out to get there it never gets the flag. And that is just what it had done with these two bears. It had got there, and the bears were drunk. When the full force of the

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